













THE PERILS OF UPPER BERTHS. While sitting in the smoking room of a palace car, conversing with an acquaintance of mine from Brooklyn, the conductor dropped in and began an easy chat. "Being a railroad man," he said, "it may be foolish in me to speak of it, but did you ever notice anything particularly dangerous about the upper berths in a Pullman sleeper?" "No," I exclaimed, "and yet I have slept in them frequently. What do you mean?" "Come here and I will explain," was the reply, and leading the way into the car he let down one of the upper berths, and putting aside the mattress, displayed its inner workings.

"Now, to look at it," he said, "you would imagine this heavy bottom weighed fully a hundred pounds. Yet so nicely is it balanced, the slightest pressure lifts it up into its place. Give a mere push and it goes up as light as a feather. This is done by means of the strong coiled springs inside, which roll up the supporting berth chains. The mechanism fits so closely that when the berth is closed, one solid part of the car. The cracks are not even visible. If a man were to be slung up in one of these places it would be an air-tight tomb and he would die of suffocation."

"But is it possible to be shut in one of them?" I exclaimed, a shudder passing through me at the idea. "Certainly," replied the conductor, grimly. "This lock, as you see, shuts with a spring. Push up the berth ever so gently, and the lock fastens automatically, within almost imperceptible click. The lock is on the outside, and it would be utterly impossible to open it from within. Let the berth shut on a man and he will be smothered in less than ten minutes—would be flattened out and jammed between the berth and the roof of the car, gasping for breath."

"Is there nothing to prevent these berths from flying up?" "They make only a pretence of it. This small wire cable is fastened to the berth floor and the lower end fitted by slots into the berth below. But a little jolting is enough to jerk these out of place, and then the slightest tapping of the car will send the berth flying up into its place, imprisoning the unconscious sleeper in the twinkling of an eye."

The conductor's story was very hair raising, and we all looked around at each other uneasily. "If this thing is dangerous, why don't we hear of some accidents?" I asked. "You would hear of them if you looked in the right place. A case occurred not long ago, though fortunately not a fatal one. The car somehow jumped the rails, and the jolt caused one of the upper berths whose wire fastening had come loose, to fly up into its place. A young man was sleeping in the berth, and, as it happened, had his arm hanging over the side. The arm was pretty badly mangled, but it saved his life, for it kept the berth from entirely closing and gave him air until we came to his relief. It is becoming difficult now to sell upper berths."

"A druggist in New Richmond, O., Mr. E. J. Donham, writes us the following: 'I consider Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup one of the very best things made. I use it altogether in my own family, and can therefore recommend it.'"

It is only recently been clearly demonstrated that a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. This an important botanical discovery, and by this knowledge many valuable trees may be saved.

ONLY TWO BOTTLES—Messrs. Johnson, Holloway & Co., who are distributors of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a dozen good catarrh cures to two army officers in London. Recently the same gentleman told them that both the officers and the wife of Gen. John C. Fremont, Gov. of Arizona, had been cured of catarrh by two bottles of Dr. J. C. B. B. B.

A Wisconsin woman, who twenty years ago captured another girl's lover and married him, and is now a rich and childless widow, has spent time and money without stint in hunting up her unfortunate old rival, and will give her \$100,000. Apparently the man in the case made a good husband.

Parents who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as burdened with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.